THE

POLYANTHOS.

APRIL, 1807.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE
OF THE LATE
REV. SAMUEL STILLMAN, D. D.

IT can hardly be expected that the biography of a clergyman should afford much variety. The incidents of his life are commonly few, and the sameness of his duties leads to a sameness of employment. To such ones only, therefore, can it be interesting, whose minds are formed to contemplate goodness of heart with sensations of pleasure, and usefulness of life with emotions of approbation. If any look for other entertainment than this, it will not be found in the sketches of those men's lives, who, confined within a limited and humble, though useful and honourable sphere, seek only to act well their part in that post of action where Providence has seen fit to station them.

Such was the situation and such the labours of the late celebrated SAMUEL STILLMAN, D.D. the subject of this short memoir.

He was born February 27, 1737, in the city of Philadelphia, of parents, respectable for their virtues, and of the Baptist persuasion. At the age of eleven years he was removed with them to Charleston S. C. and received the rudiments of his education at an Academy in that place, under a Mr. Rind, a preceptor of consideration there His mind being seriously impressed, he resolved to enter upon the gospel ministry; and, after some preparatory studies, under the Rev. Mr. Hart, a respectable Baptist clergyman of that city, he was ordained there, February 26, 1759, and settled at James Island, a most pleasant situation, opposite the city. Soon after, he visited the place of his nativity; and, on the 23d of May, the same year, he was married to Miss Hannah Morgan, daughter of Evin Morgan, Esq. merchant in that place. He also took his degree at the University there, and returned to his society at James Island. But he had not continued above eighteen months with his affectionate and united people, before a violent attack of a pulmonary complaint forced his removal to another climate. He accordingly, with his family, fixed himself at Bordentown, N. J. where he supplied two different congregations, for the space of two years. After which, visiting New-England, he officiated one year at the second Baptist Church in Boston; and his

engagements having then expired with that society, he received an invitation to settle with the *first*, and was installed over it January 9, 1765.

In principle, Dr. S. was a Calvinist, and all his sermons bore strong marks of his warm attachment to that system. The natural ardour and strength of his feelings imparted zeal for whatever opinion he espoused, and activity to whatever duty he performed. Yet with all his quickness of perception, and acuteness of feeling, his temper was under admirable control, and he was always a thorough master both of his words and actions.

To the liveliest sense of moral and religious principle, to an understanding naturally good, and handsomely improved by a polite education, he united a pretty fancy, and a taste for some of the finer arts. In the younger part of life he occasionally used his pencil with success, and, had he cultivated his taste for painting, might, probably, have made no inconsiderable figure in the school of Apelles. He was also much attached to musick, and encouraged a fondness for it in his children, though he viewed it as too inconsiderable an accomplishment to occupy any of his own time; yet nothing pleased him more than exhibitions of that kind.

The social feelings of the Doctor were s rong and his powers of conversation such as always pleased; his manners were so captivating, and partook so much of the gentlema, that in private company he was as much esteemed, as he

was popular in his publick performances. His benevolent heart was feelingly alive to distress of every kind, and in contributing to its alleviation in every shape, he was actively useful. We find his name amongst the first members of the Humane Society of this Commonwealth. Of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, he was a useful officer; and of the Boston Dispensary a member from its beginning, and President at his death. The Boston Female Asylum is likewise much indebted to his exertions. He was also an almoner of the private charity of many individuals, who confided in his knowledge and judgment of suitable objects.

His pulpit eloquence and talents were irresistibly powerful; his wonderfully popular and solemn manner would instantly arrest and fix the attention of his whole audience, and afforded him excellent opportunities of rendering his preaching useful. Such opportunities he carefully improved; and many, upon whose minds simple truths would produce no sort of impression that was either serious or lasting, his powerful eloquence has often effectually touched, awakened and reformed. His labours, however, were not confined to the pulpit. In his parochial visits he was as attentive to be useful as in his publick preaching. He was admirably formed to impart consolation to the afflicted, in just such a manner and measure as were wanted. The tears of the mourning saint were wiped away, and the careless sinner became

thoughtful, whenever their different characters were objects of his attention ; and to promote the happiness of them both he was ever ready cheerfully to make the sacrifice of his personal ease and convenience.

Such qualities as these could not fail to ensure esteem. To know and to love the man therefore were nearly synonimous terms ; and even where he was personally unknown, his character was still venerated.

Such was his celebrity as a preacher, that there is scarcely any publick anniversary occasion, on which he has not, at one time or another, officiated. The University of Cambridge conferred on him the honourary degree of Master of Arts, in 1761. The college in Rhode Island, of which he was both a trustee and a fellow, in 1788, gave him a diploma of Doctor of Divinity. He was a member of the Federal Convention of Massachusetts the same year, and distinguished himself there, in a most eloquent speech in its defence. His politicks were of the old school—tne politicks of Washington and Adams. He was appointed in 1789 to deliver the anniversary oration on Independence, to the town of Boston, which he accomplished in a manner both handsome and acceptable.

His people, to whom he was extremely attached, showed an equal fondness of him. They always sat delighted under his preaching, and felt a *pride* in him, as an accomplished pul-

pit orator, as well as a *love* for him, as an excellent preacher ; and neither of them were diminished by the attention of strangers who visited the town, and were commonly desirous of hearing this celebrated minister before they left it.

The domestick character of Dr. Stillman was very amiable. As a husband, parent, friend, or master, no one could be more beloved, because no one could be more faithful, affectionate and kind, in all these different relations. His domestick trials were great, but his christian patience and submission were equal to them all. He lived to follow twelve out of fourteen of his children to the grave ; five in infancy, and seven of them at adult age ; of whom, three had left rising families. Yet with all his extreme sensibilities his mind lost nothing of its lively confidence, or of its cheerful hope. He had now attained the age of seventy years, when the time of his departure had arrived. His death was sudden, but he was well prepared for it ; and it was probably such as he himself had preferred, could he have been permitted to have made the choice. In one of his discourses, preached on the death of one of his friends in the ministry, he says, "Though we would not wish to choose, or offer to dictate to infinite wisdom, as to the manner of our exit, yet we may be permitted to say, that when good men are suddenly cut down, they avoid the pains and extreme distresses that always accompany a lingering sickness ; and, though we would

not pray, From sudden death good Lord *deliver* us, we would devoutly pray, For sudden death good Lord *prepare* us."

A paralytick shock terminated his useful life and his labours together, on Wednesday, March 11, 1807, at about twelve o'clock at night—esteemed by every one who knew him, respectable for his acquirements, regre ed for his usefulness, venerated for his piety, and lamented for his worth.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

Lucubrations of Nehemiah Notional.

N°. V.

I AM singular in most of my opinions, and perhaps in none more so than in my firm belief that modesty highly adorns a woman, and does not in the least derogate from the character of a gentleman. Wishing however to remain impartial, I shall, as requested by 'a friend,' readily communicate the following

EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION

(which was never published)

Delivered before the SOCIETY FOR PROPAGATING IMPUDENCE,

By SAMUEL SAUCEBOX, Esq.

"There was a time, strange as it may now seem, when a degree of diffidence enhanced merit; when modesty, so far from becoming

an obstacle to advancement, recommended one to notice—a time when Impudence, which is now indispensable, was a stranger even in the fashionable world. One cannot look back to those days of darkness and ignorance without astonishment; nor reflect but with conscious pride and pleasure upon the rapid advances man has since made in improvement. The reflection to me affords proof almost demonstrative, and I think must as firmly convince every thinking being, that the doctrine of human perfectibility is true, and that we are rapidly advancing to perfection. Our forefathers, modest souls! would sit quietly till men discovered their worth, and wait patiently till they rewarded it. So far from praising themselves, they would actually blush when praised by others. They never intentionally injured the reputation, *soiled the clothes*, or wounded the feelings of any one; and I am told, though I can scarcely credit it, that they could not stare a modest woman out of countenance, nor tell a lie, without trembling! The young treated the more advanced with respect, and generally in their intercourse with each other a due attention was paid to rank and station. Yea, farther, such was the pernicious influence of prejudice and early impressions on the mind, that the few, who nobly dared to sound the trumpet of *self-commendation*, were either totally disregarded or treated with the most marked contempt.

But Heaven be praised! the human mind is at length freed from the shackles of Modesty.

The empire of Impudence is rapidly extending, and, we trust, will be as permanent as it is extensive. It must give pleasure to every enemy of decorum, it must gratify every lover of licentiousness to hear, that among the votaries of Impudence, may be found the wise, the wealthy, the honourable, and *the fair*—that the standard of Modesty is deserted, except by a few superannuated maiden ladies who yet *pretend* to adhere to her.

Though you, my brethren, early attached yourselves to the cause of Impudence, and have uniformly and warmly evinced the sincerity of that attachment both by words and deeds, it may not be improper on this occasion, briefly to state the privileges of impertinence, and the embarrasments to which Modesty would subject us.

As Modesty is a kind of distrust of our talents, and diffidence of our powers, it necessarily deprives one of that energy and presence of mind, which is so useful in many, if not most of the situations of life. *We may be wise*, but Modesty will prevent an adequate use of *that wisdom*. *It is inconsistent* with a proper improvement of talents, even if we possess them. On the contrary, Impudence frequently gives a fool all the profit as well as show of learning, and you may often see a man of sense vanquished by the *mere impertinence and loquacity* of a shallow-pated antagonist.

Again, in the most common occurrences of life, Modesty experiences mortifications and

suffers impositions, which Impudence never dreams of She must generally either stand till she is tired, or sit at the footstool of her successful rival. She is entirely excluded from fashionable society, since the Ladies dislike to be seen with her, and the Gentlemen always leave her with disgust. She dares not appear at places of amusement, and at church is confounded by the scrutinizing stare of the numerous sons of Impudence. When at home, she is neglected, when abroad, insulted. In short, to such a degree is she harrassed in this age of refinement, that she must either voluntarily leave polished society or shortly die with a broken heart.

To illustrate this idea still further, it may be well to mention a few of the many embarrassments and impositions to which a modest man is necessarily exposed—He is undoubtedly a *shocking bore* in all companies ; for if he be foolish (but by the way we seldom meet a modest fool) his modesty renders him ten times more ridiculous ; and if he be wise, he either dares not show his sense or is so awkward in his attempts at wit, that all mistake him for a fool. At the theatre he is generally obliged to resign his proper place to some brazen-faced fellow, who has no right in the box. At a tavern he has to submit to the worst *accommodations*, and to pay a most extravagant bill. If he walk his friends laugh at him, and strangers shove him into the gutter. If he ride, he gets the

worst horse the stable can afford, and is charged *only* double price. If he form a good plan, some impudent rogue reaps the advantage of it, while he is patiently waiting a *proper* opportunity for putting it into execution, &c. &c. The enumeration of such impositions would be endless ; suffice it to say that, go where he will, do what he will, he finds Modesty the most expensive as well as the most uncomfortable dress he can wear.

Can we then, my brethren, sufficiently congratulate ourselves on our emancipation from the dominion of Modesty. Can we reflect upon our freedom without feeling strong emotions of gratitude and admiration. Let that day be consecrated to endless fame, which witnessed the complete and glorious triumph of Impudence. Let us early instil into the minds of our children those principles which have hitherto so firmly attached us to her cause, that we may reap the fruits of their impertinence in our old age. And after *boldly bustling* through this vale of tears, may we, when death shall *rudely* advance to end our career, by our *insulting grin* convince him that we are indeed the sons of Impudence. L...

Boston, April 14, 1807.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

TRASH....N°. 3.

Φλυσω και φλυσω.

To obtain a personal view of those personages who have conspicuously figured on the theatre of human action, is, I believe, a desire common to all. Is the interesting personage living, how eagerly do we hasten to the church, the theatre, the mall, or the exchange, to catch even a faint glimpse of the Patriot, honoured by his country, ; the Orator, distinguished for the sublime and beautiful ; the Author, admired for his wit and learning, or the Beauty and the Hero, alike famed for conquest ! Have the objects of our sympathy or admiration been dead for years or ages, how grateful it is to view a statue, a portrait, a coin or seal, which afford some faint idea of their lineaments, or to glean from the fields of literature, after the harvest of the historian.

To those who think with me, and who have read or been present at the representation of Rowe's tragedy of 'Jane Shore,' some memoranda of that eminent martyr to meretricious pleasure may not be unacceptable,

JANE SHORE.

Shakespeare, in his first scene in Richard the third, has put the following sarcastick sketch of

this celebrated beauty into the mouth of the tyrant :

We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue.

In the year 1593, Michael Drayton, an English bard, published a work entituled, 'England's Heroical Epistles ;' these epistles are in humble imitation of Ovid. Drayton seldom rose above mediocrity as a poet, and these epistles are not among the most excellent of his labours. The learned Selden has, fortunately for this writer's fame, enriched his work with annotations ; and although Drayton is neglected as a poet, he is idolized and immortalized by the antiquarians.

One of these heroical epistles is styled,

EDWARD IV. TO JANE SHORE.

According to the fashion of that day, the epistle is preluded with

AN ARGUMENT.

" Edward the fourth, bewitched with the report
Of Mistress Shore, resounded through his court,
Steals to the city, in a strange disguise,
To view the beauty *whose transpiercing eyes*
Had shot so many—which did so content
The amorous king, that instantly he sent
These lines to her whose graces did allure him,
Whose answer back doth of her love assure him."

As the royal writer was a *lover*, it would be rash to look for a very correct description of the lady's beauty in the epistle itself, especially as it is made to appear to have been written whilst he was wooing the fair one to frailty and love; for, as our old friend Geoffrey Chaucer ryghte cunninglie plaineth,

"Whenne lustee youthe to love incline,
"They blinken ay with bleered eyne."

But there is one compliment in the epistle so truly gallant, that I publish it for the benefit of our city beaux in Boston and New-York, whose fine speeches, I am told by the young ladies, have become of late, 'wearisome, stale, flat and unprofitable.'

"If thou but please to walk into the pawn,
To buy thee cambrick, callico, or lawn;
If thou the whiteness of the same would prove,
From thy far whiter hand pluck off thy glove;
And those which by as the beholders stand
Will take thy hand for lawn, lawn for thy hand."

Now, with a little variation, would not this very courtly compliment apply to a lily hand examining laced muslin upon a William's-street or Cornhill counter?—The monarch concludes his tender epistle in the usual style of love letters ancient and modern, by assuring her that he was sickening, dying, and what is worse, *starving* to see her—

Till when these papers, by their lord's command,
By me shall kiss thy *sweet and dainty hand.*

THE PORTRAIT.

A pair of Lovers from SELDEN's *annotations upon Drayton's Heroical Epistles.*

JANE SHORE.

Two or three poems written by sundry men have magnified this woman's beauty; whom that ornament of England, and London's more particular glory, Sir Thomas More, very highly hath praised for her beauty, *she being alive in his time*, though being poor and aged. Her stature was mean, *(middling)* her hair of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eye grey, and delicate harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's colour; her body fat, white and smooth; her countenance cheerful and like to her condition. That picture which I have seen of her, was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle, cast under one arm, over her shoulder, and sitting in a chair, on which her naked arm did lie. What her father's name was, or where she was born, is not certainly known; but Shore, a young man of right goodly person, wealth and behaviour, abandoned her bed, after the king had made her his concubine. Richard the third, causing her to do open penance in Paul's Church-Yard, command-

ed that no man should relieve her ; which the tyrant did not so much for his hatred to sin, but that by making his brother's life odious, he might cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly.

I suspect from the eulogiums in the epistle, and the attitude of Mistress Shore in the picture, which was doubtlessly adapted to exhibit her beauty to the greatest possible advantage, that her *hand*, or, as the king more gallantly styles it, '*her sweet and dainty hand*,' was the most perfect of her personal charms.—What do *you* think Ladies ?

EDWARD IV.

Edward the Fourth was by nature very chivalrous and very amorous, applying his sweet amiable aspect to attain his wanton appetite the rather ; which was so well known to Lewis, the French king, who, at their interview, invited him to Paris, that, as Comencus reports, being taken at his word, he notwithstanding brake off the matter, fearing the Parisian Dames, with their witty conversation, would detain him longer than should be for his benefit ; by which means Edward was disappointed of his journey. And albeit princes whilst they live, have nothing in them but what is admirable, yet we need not mistrust the flattery of the court in those times ; for certain it is that his shape was excellent, his hair drew near to a black, making his face's favour to appear more delectable, though

the smallness of his eyes, full of shining moisture, as it took away some comeliness, so it argued much sharpness of understanding and cruelty mingled together. And indeed George Buchannan (that impetuous Scott) chargeth him and other princes of those times, with affection of tyranny; as Richard the third manifestly did.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

ANALECTA....No. VI.

"Undique collatis membris."

LITERARY JEALOUSY.

It has been said that envy is only the offspring of little minds. This has been repeated from age to age; but it is one of those popular prejudices which are not the less false, because they are of a more remote date. Of literary jealousy, to select instances were difficult, because of their abundance. Why does Plato never mention Xenophon, and why does Xenophon inveigh with bitter crimination against Plato, and studiously collect every little report which may detract from his fame? They wrote on the same subject! Why did Swift and Milton treat with contempt the rhymes of Dryden? Why did Corneille, tottering on the

grave, when Racine consulted him on his first tragedy, advise the author never to write another? Why does Voltaire continually detract from the sublimity of Corneille, the sweetness of Racine, and the fire of Crebillon? Why was the admirable La Fontaine not even mentioned by the French Horace in all his works? Why must posterity lament that the name of Young is to be found in the Dunciad of Pope? Why did Boccaccio, in sending to Petrarch a copy of Dante, make an apology for it? and why did the latter, in his answer, speak coldly of Dante's merits?

It is difficult to repress our indignation at this envy of writers, who should look for that support from each other, which is sometimes unjustly denied them by the world. In contemplating on this subject, we are struck with the same horrour, as if, looking into a nest of doves, we beheld vipers hissing at each other.

DR. JOHNSON AND LORD CHESTERFIELD.

It is well known that Johnson's Dictionary was first published in two large folio volumes, and cost him seven years almost incessant labour. When every difficulty had been surmounted and the work was nearly completed, Lord Chesterfield proffered his patronage. He published in the 'World,' two papers, recommending to the publick the work and its author. The following is the celebrated letter of Dr.

Johnson in reply. It is manly, yet severe. It exposes the meanness of a great man, celebrated for his enchanting address, while it evinces an independence of spirit and consciousness of worth, which poverty cannot subdue; it is sufficient proof that persevering genius will rise, and shine with unborrowed light.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Chesterfield.

February, 1755.

My Lord,

I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the 'World,' that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the publick, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours of the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish, that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre;* that I might obtain that regard, for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once adressed your Lordship in publick, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing, which a retired and uncourtly

scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little. Seven years, my Lord, are now past, since I waited in your outer rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I had never a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligation where no benefit has been received, or be unwilliing that the publick should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried my work thus far, with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappoined, though I conclude it,

if less be possible, with less ; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

Most obedient Servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LOUIS XIV.

MERITS the love of posterity. The genius of his people, not his own, inspired him with attempts inimical to the rights of mankind. When this monarch is deprived of that false glory which his adulators have thrown around him he will appear to advantage, placed in the softer light of those hours, which he devoted to the society of those great men whom his splendid patronage had formed. Numerous anecdotes of this monarch, are eternal testimonies of his intellectual powers and his fine taste. He loved the conversation of Boileau and Racine. He was not a mere auditor ; he admired them with exquisite sensibility, and animadverted on them with just criticism ; and we know that he detected several errours. The eye that could catch a Boileau and a Racine tripping, it must be confessed was of no ordinary quickness. Several of these royal conversations have been recorded. It is honourable for the satirical bard, that he had the boldness frequently to speak his sentiments freely ; and what is still more honour-

able, his majesty did not dislike his frankness. I give the reader one or two interesting anecdotes, relating to these two poets.

It is well known, that when Boileau read one of his epistles, in which are these fine verses, describing the emperour Titus,

'Qui rendit de son joug l'univers amoureux ;
'Qu'on n'alla jamais voir, sans revenir heureux ;
'Qui soupiroit le soir, si sa main fortunée,
'N'avoit par ses bienfaits signalé la journée'—

his majesty was enchanted, and made the poet repeat them thrice. At that moment, perhaps, he proposed Titus for his model ; such was the force of poetry ! The next day, he gave orders for war ; such was the power of politicks ! When the satirick bard, for the first time after the death of Racine, paid his respects to the king, Louis received him with affection. He sympathized in the loss ; and added, in pulling out his watch, 'Remember, Boileau, I have an hour for you every week.'

I add one more anecdote, which brings us into his apartment. When the French Augustus was one day confined to his chamber, he sent for Racine. The poet read with grace ; and his majesty asked him to take up some book. A life of Plutarch was proposed. The king objected, because of its old French. 'Will your majesty permit me try a life ?' said Racine. The king consented. Our poet took down a

volume of Amiot, and turned his obsolete language into a beautiful style. Louis was in raptures; he rose, and embraced the poet.

BROOK, RIVULET, STREAM, RIVER,

Are synonymous, says Mrs Piozzi, in her 'British Synonymy,' so far as relates to poetical use; but Mr. Locke shows us how to separate them in conversation, and how they really separate by nature, when he tells us that, '*springs* make little *rivulets*, and these united form *brooks*; which coming forward in *streams*, compose great *rivers*, that run into the *sea*.' Dr. Johnson, whose ideas of any thing not positively large were ever mingled with contempt, asked of one of our sharp currents in North-Wales—Has this BROOK e'er a name? and received for answer—Why, dear sir, this is the RIVER Ustrad.—Let us, said he, turning to his friend, jump over it directly, and show them how an *Englishman* should treat a *Welch* RIVER.

CALM, SERENE, TRANQUIL, PEACEFUL, QUIET, STILL.

Mr. Addison has been censured—says the same authoress—and not unjustly, for giving the two first epithets to his angel—

Calm and serene, he drives the furious blast—

because, says the critick, those words being strictly synonymous, the poet has in this too

much celebrated simile been guilty of unpardonable tautology—yet are the words not merely misapplied, or rather applied unluckily, than ill—for if in far inferiour verses you should read that

When CALM the winds, SERENE the sky,
Our thoughts enjoy TRANQUILLITY;
Through the STILL hours when PEACEFUL night
Doth man to QUIET rest invite—

we should discover in these lines, however flat and insipid, no glaring fault of the same kind, although their brevity brings all the accessory words crowding together, Perhaps, indeed, as adverbs they may have a closer affinity—yet I see no reason for it; to use them as adjectives seems the more obvious sense, and then they harmonize well enough.

AUGUSTUS CESAR.

We are told that Virgil was afflicted by an asthma, and Horace by a fistula lachrymalis. When Augustus was placed between them, he used to say, not unpoetically, 'I am now between sighs and tears.'

This lover of the art, aspired to become an artist: he wrote a tragedy called *Ajax*; but had the good sense to perceive, that if born to be an emperour, he was not born to be a poet. One day he effaced with a sponge the whole tragedy; when it was enquired after, he wittily

answered, 'Ajax is dead: he has swallowed his sponge;' alluding to a mode of death practised by the Roman gladiators, who frequently in despair swallowed their sponges.

THE following lines from Cowper's Translation of Homer, present a scene replete with horrour and dismay. There is no person,—says a celebrated critick,—unless he be altogether illiterate and deaf to sacred song, who does not tremble while he reads this passage, and partake with Pluto in his fears lest he should see hell laid open.

Sudden from on high
The Sire of gods and men thundered; mean-time
Neptune the earth and the high mountains shook;
Down from her summit to her lowest base
Ida spring-fed the agitation felt
Reeling, all Ilium and the fleet of Greece.
Upstarted from his throne appalled the King
Of Erebus, and with a cry his fears
Through hell proclaimed, lest Neptune o'er his head
Shattering the vaulted earth, should wide disclose
To mortal and immortal eyes his realm
Of *horrour, thirst, and woe*, detested sight
E'en to the gods themselves; with such a sound
The powers eternal into battle rushed.

Il. v. v. 56.

IMMORTALITY.

FREDERICK the Great was extremely fond of making the immortality of the soul a topick of discourse, and generally adverted to it, when learned men, whose opinions and principles he was inclined to sound, were presented to him. It was seldom, however, that he allowed any one to differ from him on that point, and it was still more dangerous for any one to attempt to support an opinion adverse to his own. He soon lost his patience, and always confounded his antagonist by some sudden sally, which was seldom couched in the most *gentle* terms. A Berlin academician was once advancing a chain of arguments in favour of the immortality of the soul, when Frederick suddenly interrupted him by exclaiming—'What, sir, you wish to be *immortal?* Pray, what have you done to deserve it?"

WHEN a man of genius displays conversible talents,—says a celebrated living writer,—his conversations are frequently more animated, more versatile, and I must add, more genuine, than his compositions. Such literary conversations may be compared to waters which flow from their source; but literary writings resemble more frequently an ornamented fountain, whose waters are forcibly elevated in artificial irregularities, and sparkling tortuosities.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

THE character of Oliver Cromwell long exercised the historical talents of European writers. Some French academicians have drawn his character with admirable refinement; Gregorio Leti, amuses with agreeable fictions; Raguenet tires with dry truths; at home, volumes on volumes have wearied curiosity. All these writers would persuade us, that he was an artful mixture of the politician and the hypocrite. A single anecdote lets us more into the genius of the man, than this multiplicity of volumes. When he was with some select friends enjoying a convivial hour, a confidential servant enters, and announces a body 'of the Elect.'—'Tell them,' says Cromwell in the language of fanaticism—'Tell them we are seeking for the Lord—These fools think,' continues he, looking under the table, 'that I am seeking for the Lord, while I am only seeking for the Corkscrew.'

Does not this little anecdote at once present us with the artifices of his politicks, and the hypocrisy of his religion?

A MAN of genius consumes one portion of his life in painful studies; another in addressing his labours to the publick, and combating with rivals; in the last inconsiderable remnant of life, he perhaps begins to enjoy that publick esteem for which he had sacrificed its solid con-

solations, his fortune, his tranquillity, in a word, his domestick Lares. Amidst the funereal cypress he sees the green leaves of the laurel. He resembles a veteran soldier, who, at the moment he is carried from the trenches in an expiring state, receives the honours of promotion. When once removed from the publick and his rivals, they refuse him nothing.

INSENSIBILITY TO NATURAL IMPERFECTIONS.

Cowley, in his Ode to Wit, has the following ingenious stanza ; which, however, is but a splendid satire on his own witty poetry. He says, Wit is not

——To adorn and gild each part ;
That shows more cost, than art.
Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear ;
Rather than all things wit, let none be there.
Several lights will not be seen,
If there be nothing else between ;
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' sky,
If those be stars, which paint the galaxy.

It will not be denied, that the indiscreet muse of Cowley wore jewels both at her nose and lips.

Thus also Dr. Johnson, in some admirable verses, censures those writers in whose plays,

——Crush'd by rules, and weakened as refined,
For years the power of Tragedy declined ;

From bard to bard the frigid caution crept;
Till *Declamation roared*, while *Passion slept*.

In the tragedy of Irene it must be acknowledged that 'declamation roars, while passion sleeps.'

Dr. Blair observes of Shaftesbury, 'what is most wonderful, he was a professed admirer of *simplicity*; is always extolling it in the ancients, and abusing the moderns for want of it; though he departs from it himself as far as any modern whatever.'

HUMAN nature, like a vast machine, is not to be understood by looking on its superfices, but by dwelling on its minute springs and wheels. Let us not then be told, that anecdotes are the little objects of a little mind.

THE following is the translation of a Legend on a coin of Shah Acber—

The Sun—from him the seven seas obtain pearls.
By his rays the black stone becomes a jewel.
By the correcting influence of his beams the mine produces gold—
And that gold is ennobled by the impression of SHAH ACBER.

ANOTHER.

This coin which is the garment of hope
Carries an everlasting impression and immortal name.
Its fortunate front bears this, sufficient for ages,
That the sun has cast a glimpse on it.

EPITAPH

On the tomb of the Dutch Admiral De Ruiter in Syracuse, who was killed in an engagement with the French—

Ter ruit Hispanos Ruiter,
Ter terruit Anglos,
Ter ruit Gallos
Et terruit—ipse ruit.

MODERN EPITAPH.

We may safely challenge all the 'unlettered muses,' of ancient and modern times to produce any thing in the way of epitaph writing, that can be put in competition with the following. It is copied literally from a grave-stone now standing at the door of a stone-cutter's shop in Charlestown, Massachusetts.

Natively quick and spry
As all young people be
When God, commands them down to dust
How soon they drop you see.

FRAGMENTS, FROM DR. MOORE.

THE SAILOR.

"I'LL give you a shilling, my lad, said I, if you'll tell me who the lady is who came out of that cottage, and stepped into the chaise.—She had struck me by the loveliness of her face, as well as by the elegance and symmetry of her person.

"I would give half a crown myself, to know who she is," answered the sailor.

"I know your generosity, as well as your taste, my honest fellow; and you will oblige me by accepting this half guinea to drink the woman's health you admire so much."

"Thank your honour," replied the sailor. "All the information I can give you concerning the lady who has just set sail, is, that I am sure she is an English woman."

"How can you be sure even of that?" said I.

"Because all your foreign women, were they ever so handsome, have something of an outlandish look, which this lady has not," replied the sailor.

"You have seen a great many foreign women, perhaps," resumed I.

"I have sailed round the world."

"You must then have had great opportunities.—And pray where did you see the handsomest?"

"Why, please your honour, taking them all in all," rejoined the sailor, "I do not know but the handsomest women I ever saw, that is to say, out of England, was during a voyage up the Mediterranean, where I chanced to get a glimpse of some Greek girls, belonging to an old Turk."

"To an old Turk!"

"Yes, very old, please your honour. One might have thought he had no more use for so many girls, than a dog hath for a side pocket, as the saying is. But the sight I had of them, had like to have cost me very dear."

"Those Greek girls, came nearest in beauty to the lady who is just gone, you think?" said I.

"No, please your honour—Nell Smith, of Liverpool, comes nearest in the article of face, which is all I can speak to in respect of Nell."

"You think, then, that Nell Smith, herself, is not quite so handsome as that lady."

"I cannot, in conscience, say she is," replied the sailor; "though for my own part, I would prefer Nell, for old acquaintance sake."

THE WORK-HOUSE BOY.

Mrs.—— "Pray who are the parents of this charming boy?"

Old woman.—"The Lord above he only knows. He is no relation of mine—I never saw him in my life, till this here blessed day, when I received him from the overseers of the work-

house, to take him to my own house in the country. They told me he was brought there when he was only a few months old, by a poor woman, who said she was not his mother: who was his mother, is difficult to tell, and still more who was his real father, as your ladyship well knows, for they have never been found out; but it stands to reason, that he must have had both, for I never heard of any body who had neither father nor mother, except Michael Hisendeck, of whom the parson of our parish preached last Sunday; but Michael lived in the bible days, which is different from these here times: so this boy's parents must be persons unknown; but be who they will, I suspect that they were no better than they should be; in which case it is pretty clear that this here boy, saving your ladyship's presence, is neither more nor less than an unnatural child; for if he had been born in the natural way of marriage, it stands to reason, that his parents would have owned him long ago."

Mrs.—— affected with the condition of this boy, who began life under such unfavourable auspices, said, "are you not sorry, my dear, to leave home?"

"No," answered he, "I don't care."

"Is there not somebody at home whom you are sorry to leave?" resumed she.

"No," replied the boy, "I am not sorry to leave any body."

"What, not those who are good to you?" rejoined she.

"Nobody was ever good to *me*," said the boy.

Mrs. —— was touched with the child's answer, which strongly painted his helpless lot and the cruel indifference of the world. The tear stood in her eye

"My poor little fellow," said she, after a short pause, "was nobody ever good to you have you no friend, my dear?"

"No, for old Robin the soot-man died last week."

"Was he your friend?

"Yes, that he was," replied the boy; "he once gave me a piece of ginger-bread."

THEATRICAL FRACAS.

"I was quartered," said an Irish Captain, "in a country town, and I happened to go to *Venice Preserved*, with a friend, who is little hard of hearing, and of course I was obliged to speak to him pretty loud. Just as I was observing to him that the tallest of the senators of Venice was a trumpeter in our regiment," a shopkeeper cried—"Silence!"—"Upon my word, friend," said I, "you give the word of command a little too imperiously,"—"You must not disturb the company," answered he—"I am afraid," said I, "that both you and I disturb the company; and so if you please to walk out with me, we will settle our business quietly ourselves, without disturbing any body." The

shopkeeper declined this, and muttered the word *impertinent*. I was reduced to the necessity of pulling off his wig, and throwing it in his face. The shopkeeper called on me the next morning; and as this was acting like a gentleman, I thought it would be ungenerous to refuse putting myself on a footing with him—we met accordingly. The shopkeeper fired his pistol very prettily for a tradesman, for the bullet pierced the corner of my hat; and as I was convinced that on the whole, I had been rather in the wrong, I did not choose to kill the poor fellow, and so I fired my pistol in the air. "Now, friend," said I, "you have damaged my hat full as much as I did your wig; so, if you are satisfied, our dispute may end here, if you are not, you may take another shot." He declined the last, and agreed to the first proposal.

CREBILLON.

THIS celebrated tragedy writer was brought up amongst the Jesuits, who, with all their numerous imperfections, were ever, by D'Alembert's own confession, excellent instructors of youth, as they attended no less to the forming of their moral than their intellectual character. They kept a secret register, no less of the dispositions than of the understandings of their pupils. Crebillon was thus described by it a

"Puer valdé ingeniosus, sed grandis nebulo."
"A very ingenious, but a very wicked boy."

Our foolish pedagogues are contented in general if they can flog a little Latin and Greek into the heads of their pupils, without at all attending to form their hearts. At a great school, however, the boys do that for one another, which the master perhaps never thinks of: and, indeed, when one considers what little effect mere lessons of cold and dry morality can have upon young minds, there is the less reason to regret this omission. Were it not, indeed, for practical instructors of conduct and morality, which boys afford to each other, a young man would return from a school as ignorant of what he is to practice in life, as if he had been immured in a convent.

The late excellent provost of Eton, Dr. Barnard, when he was master of Eton school, was perhaps, in most respects, one of the best instructors of youth Britain ever had to boast. He had great sagacity in finding out the characters of his scholars, and great power of ridicule in exposing their foibles, and in making them ashamed of their vices. Children, says La Fontaine, not having their understanding warped by the prejudices of education or of society, have a sagacity much more penetrating and much more formidable than is generally supposed in finding out what is ridiculous or vicious, no less in their master than in their comrades. They know adds he, how to

discriminate and appreciate each other, with an exquisiteness of taste that has occasionally indisposed their masters against them, for being more acute and discerning than themselves. From these circumstances, a young man, brought up at a publick school, is not only likely to be more wise, but to be more virtuous, than another who has received a private education. The mind of one has been more opened by the collisions with those of his colleagues, than the other can possibly have been by the solitary didactick precepts of his pedagogue. The one has found out, by experience, what is honoured or detestable, what is virtuous or vicious; the other has merely been told it, and when he comes into the world is like a physician who had studied the theory of diseases in books, but has never seen a sick room.

A most excellent and indefatigable president of a very extensive seminary of education in England says, that even when he has found a young man, brought up in a private manner, to have had more learning than another, brought up in a more publick manner, he has always found him less able to know what to do with it than the other, who has been educated in one of the conservatories, if we may so call them, with which the environs of London abound: these conservatories, in which they are coddled like plants in a hot-house, which collapse and fade when they are exposed to the open air.

In one of Crebillon's tragedies, he makes a father drink his son's blood upon the stage. The tragedy is that of Alrée and Thyeste. To this play the people of Paris used to flock in crowds. The French seem, after this, to have no right to accuse the English of barbarity and ferocity, in permitting Macbeth upon their stage; and, indeed, after the late real massacres and ferocities of the citizens of that metropolis, they may fairly vie in cruelty with any barbarous nation that has yet appeared upon the face of the earth.

Crebillon, at a very advanced age, and in great pecuniary distress, wrote his tragedy of Cataline. Whilst he was composing it, he was taken ill, and was very near dying: the physician, who but too well knew the miserable situation of his patient, insisted upon having the manuscript tragedy in hand for his fees. Crebillon, with some humour, whilst this request was making, cried out from his bed, in one of the lines of his own tragedy of Rhadomistus,

"Ah, doit on heriter de ceux qu'on assassine!"

"Shall he that murders me become my heir?
"Forbid it Heaven!"

Crebillon had begun a tragedy upon the history of Oliver Cromwell. The French ministry forbade him to go on with it, and some of the scenes are assimilated to his tragedy of Cataline.

A WORLDLING's PRAYER.

BEND a favourable ear, O Lord, to all our prayers; but grant only those of our prayers which thou knowest will be serviceable to us. Have compassion on the errours and blindness of these my brethren, and let not any thought of their hearts be gratified, for all the good things they ask for would prove unto them vanity and vexation of spirit.

Remove far from us all the evils of war. Let those who would oppress us, and despoil us of our property, be driven far away. Let mankind be taught to live together in concord, as becometh children of the same parent; that so there may be no need of soldiers or ships; that the peace of our humble dwellings be no more disturbed by the visits of assessors, and our hard earnings be taken away by cold-blooded tax-gatherers.

Give humility to the poor and beggarly, and make them contented under the allotment of thy providence; that so they may no longer depend for bread upon the scanty gifts of selfish mortals, and that so the poor-taxes may be lessened, and every man pluck the fruit of his own fig-tree without being obliged to share it with others.

Save us, we pray thee, from perishing by fire. Take this great city especially under thy divine protection; and let a particularly large

share of thy regard be bestowed upon the buildings in Third-street, between Vine and Sassafras. Sundry of them, thou knowest, belong to thy servant, and but one among them all is brick.

Have compassion on all those who are sick and in prison. Restore to them, O Lord, their health and liberty; that so they may be able to fulfil all their contracts, and pay their just debts. Have an eye of especial regard to Richard Harris, who is now sick almost unto death. Raise him up once more to be a help and stay to his wife and children, and give him wherewithal to pay thy servant what he oweth him, to wit, the sum of three hundred dollars and sixteen cents, due, with interest thereon, since the fourth instant.

Let thy tender mercy preserve us from all floods and earthquakes. Bear with the sins of this generation a little while longer. Be not wroth with the good people of New-Jersey, and especially with the county of Morris, seeing thy servant has a mortgage on certain lands in said county. But if thy fierce anger will not be stayed, and thou sendest thy earthquakes to overturn the houses and kill the people, let it be so, if it seemeth good to thee; but, we pray thee, shake not the earth too much with thy fearful presence, nor destroy these metes and boundaries of arable and meadow which the law, in good time, may give unto thy servant.

Visit us not again, we pray thee, for our manifold transgressions, with the pestilence; but, if thy fury will not yet be stayed, let the vial of thy wrath be poured out upon us early in the month of July; that so thy servant may have his money's worth of the house that he hired as a place to flee to in a time of need.

If, peradventure, there be any in danger of shipwreck, and likely to perish, hear them when they cry to thee for help. Bethink thee of their wives and little ones, who quake with fear of the tempest; but, if the iniquities of fallen men claim their punishment at thy just hands, and thy anger waxeth hot against my sinful neighbour, Francis Settlesides, do not smite him in his person, his wife, or his children, but blow with thy wind and cause a ship of his, that he lately sent to Port Republican with precious commodities, to sink in the midst of the sea; that so it may never arrive, nor the market be overstocked. But hearken to thy servant's prayer, and let the same wind only hasten the passage of the good ship Flying-fish, whereof is master, *under thee*, for the present voyage, John Strong, which ship belongeth to thy servant, in partnership with Mr. Michael Halliday, of Boston.....Amen.

[*Lit. Mag.*]

SELECT SENTENCES.

He that teaches us any thing we knew not before, is undoubtedly to be reverenced as a master; he that conveys knowledge by more pleasing ways, may very properly be loved as a benefactor; and he that supplies life with innocent amusement, will certainly be caressed as a pleasing companion.

There is a kind of men, who may be classed under the name of *bustlers*, whose *business* keeps them in perpetual motion, yet whose motion *always eludes their business*; who are always to do what they never do; who can not stand still, because they are wanted in another place; and who are wanted in many places, because they can stay in none.

Compliment is the varnish of a complete man.

The drunkard for a time laughs over his wine; the ambitious man triumphs in the miscarriage of his rival; but the *captive of indolence* has neither *superiority* nor *merriment*.

In the different degrees of life, there will often be found much *meanness* among the great, and much *greatness* among the mean.

There is one species of knowledge, which consists in being ignorant of such things as are not worthy to be known.

POETRY.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

ELEGY.

Occasioned by the death of the Rev. Samuel Stillman, D. D. Pastor of the first Baptist Church in Boston.

Oh Death! fell tyrant of a ruined world,
Can nothing from thy power despotick save?
And must the virtuous, the revered be hurled
In sad succession to the putrid grave?
Thy voice terrifick must we all obey?
Will nought avail the prayer or tearful eye?
Must thou o'er all yet hold thy equal sway,
And reign with *dreadful impartiality?*

Yes; for that stronger voice, which at the first
From sluggish earth bade man in beauty bloom,
So by its word ordained, that '*Dust to dust*,'
Must be of man the dread perpetual doom.

But hark! what loud lament, what sobs of wo,
What gloom o'er every passing face is spread!
The ruthless tyrant gives the fatal blow,
And numbers Stillman with the sainted dead.

Mute is that warning voice, whose power awoke
The sleeping conscience from its dread repose;
Closed are those eyes, which, more than words, bespoke
What his full heart sustained for human woes.

That voice no more shall his full heart express,
Or truths sublime in glowing style dispense,
His active arm shall never more impress
The fervid Preacher's thundering eloquence.

The stately cenotaph, the Parian bust,
The sculptured urn, let polished Europe raise;
In gorgeous fabricks place the mitred dust,
On brazen tablets grave the Hierarch's praise.

No proud cathedrals *here* their pomp display,
Whose fretted domes their spacious concaves spread,
Where through the pictured panes the dubious day
Shades the prized reliques of the honoured dead.

What though no massy fanes his dust inclose,
No brass or marble his loved form supply;
Yet, not forgotten shall his dust repose,
Nor yet unhonoured shall the good man die.

No; while one ray of poesy divine
Cheers the sad poet in this darksome scene,
Still in his humble verse the just shall shine,
Still shall his laurels bloom eternal green:

And memory, faithful to its sacred trust,
Shall from oblivion snatch the good man's name;
When art's proud monuments shall sink in dust,
On *living tablets* shall engrave his fame.

O, could I breathe that vivifying breath,
Which the rapt prophet's God alone could give,

Which, in the arid vale of numerous death,
Made the dry fragment bones to rise and live!
Then should the Christian sage from forth the fold
Of fetid death in pristine might ascend,
And many a grief-swoln eye again behold
The husband, father, preacher, and the friend.
Then should the sabbath's hallowed chimes expand,
And crowding converts to the church repair,
STILLMAN again should lead the new born band,
And raise the incense of the fervent prayer.
Lo! in the sacred desk I see him stand,
His form, his feautures once again I trace;
And, like th' angelick choir in Judah's land,
He brings 'glad tidings' to man's ruined race.
Hark! hear ye not again that voice sublime?
It calls the dead in sin to life and light;
Say, mark you not that countenance divine,
That troubled gesture, and that arm of might?
See, whilst the glowing truth assails the mind,
And wakes the passions from their fatal sleep,
The Spirit rushes like a mighty wind,
The flint dissolves, the hardened sinners weep!
But ah! how soon the poet's dream is past,
The fleeting vision flits like mortal breath,
Nought but the last loud trumpet's potent blast,
Can rouse the slumberer from the bed of death.
Ah, where is now affliction's constant friend,
Where the consoler of the mind distrest?

Whose prayerful skill the broken heart cold mend,
And soothe the troubled conscience into rest.

Ah, where is he, who, by the dying bed,
Calmed the last passage of the struggling breath,
Illumed with gospel hope the fainting head,
And changed to bursts of joy the pangs of death!

And you, ye wretched many, who have gone
In weeds of sorrow through this vale of wo,
Who oft have wept the near connection borne
To the dark regions of man's conquering foe,

No more shall STILLMAN seek your roofs of pain,
With mild consoling voice the wretched cheer;
No more the widow's sinking heart sustain,
Or wipe the anguished orphan's scalding tear.

To the grave fathers of our favoured land,
No more shall he enforce the freeman's right;
Or, at the bidding of the warriour band,
Teach the true christian soldier how to fight.

No more the malefactor, doomed to die,
From STILLMAN's lips shall learn a Saviour's name,
Learn, like th' expiring thief on Calvary,
To mount to glory from the depths of shame.

But cease, fond muse, his virtues to recount;
Vain is the task which thy rash pen employs;
When all is done, 'tis but the sad amount,
The sable schedule of departed joys.

Peace to thy ashes, then, thou man of God;
To thy approving Judge we thee resign:
'Tis OURS to bear the chastenings of his rod,
The peaceful Sabbath of the tomb is THINE.

S.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

EPIGRAMMATICK SKETCH.

PRITHEE do you know Tom Tweezer,
He that has a wife so pretty?
Tom's whole soul is bent to please her,
And to see her drest the tippy.

Beaux point the opera glass and swear that
Mrs. Tweezer's all the rage;
The ladies, one and all, declare that
Tom's the best husband of the age.

Spring or fall ships never lie to,
But Tom, ever bent to please her,
Flies to Mrs. Cruft's to buy too,
Something *smart* for Mrs. Tweezer.

Crape, cambrick, lutestring, sattinet,
Muslin, chambray, piquet, leno,
Armlets, caps of spider net,
And of smart things more than we know.

But oft, when happy Tom would fly
To buy the tasty for his dearest,
He found that *fashion* had gone by,
Of queer things he had bought the queerest.

Too oft he hears his dear remark,
While with disdain her eyes she rolls,
'Why sure this came from Noah's ark,
'Lard! it is as old as poles.

'You know, my love, that Sally Flaret
'Wore *sich* a one last Friday night;
'How could you think that I would wear it,
'T'would make me look like *sich a frite!*'

Running, puffing, panting, sweating,
The anxious Tom I chanced to meet;
On his brow deep thought was sitting,
In both hands a band box neat.

Prithee, Thomas, why so hasty?
You run as if you ran for life.
'O, I've purchased something tasty,
'A smart new bonnet for my wife.

'Stop me not, I must not falter,
'I must hasten to my true one,
'The fashion else I fear will alter,
'And my Duck will want a new one.' S.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

TO TWILIGHT.

HAIL! pensive hour, congenial to my heart;
Sweet contemplation wooes thee to her arms;
Thy softened tints with tender pleasing art,
Glad the drear soul that's dead to other charms.

In thy calm hour, a pleasing sadness reigns ;
This care-worn bosom thou canst ever charm ;
Musing with thee, forgetting all my pains,
I fancy thou canst every ill disarm.

How oft I steal me from the world's loud din,
And throwing round me Fancy's airy vest,
I strive from thee one partial smile to win,
To sooth the sorrows lingering in my breast.

Soaring above this transitory scene,
I fly to purer realms, to joys divine,
Where gentle mercy's rays forever beam,
Where brightening gleams of holy rapture shine.

Enshrined in robes of ever-promised love,
I view my God, my sovereign and my guide ;
'Rest here,' he says, 'I'll sorrow's clouds remove,
And new-born pleasures through thy soul shall glide.'

The voice of heaven inspires me with delight,
The quivering breeze no longer bears my sighs ;
Religion beams a pure refulgent light,
And dries each tear that trembles in my eyes.

EMMA.

Dorchester, April 15, 1807.

KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

King Leir once ruled in this land
With princely power and peace ;
And had all things with hearts content,
That might his joys increase.

Amongst those things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleased the king
A question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could show the dearest love:
For to my age you bring content,
Quoth he, then let me hear
Which of you three, in plighted troth,
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began;
Dear father, mind, quoth she,
Before your face to do you good,
My blood shall rendered be:
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain.

And so will I, the second said;
Dear father! for your sake,
The worst of all extremities
I'll gently undertake:
And serve your highness night and day
With diligence and love;
That sweet content and quietness
Discomforts may remove

In doing so, you glad my soul,
The aged king replyed ;
But what sayst thou, my youngest girl,
How is thy love allyed ?
My Love, (quoth young Cordelia then)
Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child,
And that is all I'll show.

And wilt thou show no more, quoth he,
Than doth thy duty bind ?
I well perceive thy love is small,
When as no more I find :
Henceforth I banish thee my court,
Thou art no child of mine ;
Nor any part of this my realm
By favour shall be thine.

Thy eldest sister's loves are more
Than well I can demand,
To whom I equally bestow
My kingdome and my land,
My pompal state and all my goods,
That lovingly I may
With those thy sisters be maintained
Untill my dying day.

Thus flattering speeches won renown,
By these two sisters here ;
The third had causeless banishment,
Yet was her love more dear :

For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wandering up and down,
Unhelped, unpitied, gentle maid!
Through many an English town:

Until at last in famous France
She gentler fortunes found;
Though poor and bare, yet she was deemed
The fairest on that ground
Where when the king her virtues heard,
And this fair lady seen,
With full consent of all his court
He made his wife and queen.

Her father, old king Leir, this while
With his two daughters staid;
Forgetful of their promised loves,
Full soon the same decayed;
And living in queen Ragan's court,
The eldest of the twain,
She took from him his chiefest means,
And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
To wait with bended knee:
She gave allowance but to ten,
And after scarce to three:
Nay, one she thought too much for him,
So took she all away,
In hope that in her court, good king,
He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
In giving all I have
Unto my children, and to beg
For what I lately gave?
I'll go unto my Gonerell;
My second child, I know,
Will be more kind and pityful,
And will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court;
Where when she heard his moan,
Returned him answer, that she grieved,
That all his means were gone:
But no way could relieve his wants;
Yet, if that he would stay
Within her kitchen, he should have
What scullions gave away.

When he had heard, with bitter tears,
He made his answer then;
In what I did let me be made
Example to all men.
I will return again, quoth he,
Unto my Ragan's court;
She will not use me thus, I hope,
But in a kinder sort.

Where when he came she gave command
To drive him thence away:
When he was well within her court
(She said) he would not stay.

Then back again to Gonerell,
The woeful king did hie,
That in her kitchen he might have
What scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was denied,
Which she had promised late:
For, once refusing, he should not
Come after to her gate.
Thus twixt his daughters for relief
He wandered up and down;
Being glad to feed on beggar's food,
That lately wore a crown:

And calling to remembrance then
His youngest daughter's words,
That said, the duty of a child
Was all that love affords:
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had banished so,
Grew frantick mad; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe;

Which made him rend his milk-white locks,
And tresses from his head,
And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
With age and honour spread:
To hills and woods and watry founts,
He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods, and senseless things,
Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possest with discontents,
He passed o'er to France,
In hopes from fair Cordelia there,
To find some gentler chance:
Most virtuous dame! which when she heard
Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, she quickly sent
Him comfort and relief:

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant sort,
She gave in charge he should be brought
To Aganippus court;
Whose royal king with noble mind
So freely gave consent,
To muster up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,
To repossesse king Leir,
And drive his daughters from their thrones,
By his Cordelia dear:
Where she, true-hearted noble queen,
Was in the battle slain:
Yet he, good king, in his old days,
Possest his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
Who died indeed for love
Of her dear father, in whose cause
She did this battle move;

He swooning fell upon her breast,
From whence he never parted:
But on her bosom left his life,
That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw
The end of these events,
The other sisters unto death
They doomed by consents:
And being dead their crowns they left
Unto the next of kin:
Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
And disobedient sin.

UNFADING BEAUTY.

By Thomas Carew.

Hee that loves a rosie cheeke,
Or a corall lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seeke,
Fuell to maintaine his fires:
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires:
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

THE DRAMA.

BOSTON THEATRE.

THE Editor feels greatly obliged by the following Letter, and has omitted all editorial strictures on the theatrical performances of this month to give it a place. He hopes it is not the last favour for which he shall be Mr Oakly's debtor.

MR. EDITOR,

YOU will excuse me, Sir, as I am a blunt man, and "little blest with the set phrase" of modern speech, if I introduce myself to your acquaintance with little ceremony. I reside in a pleasant town on the banks of Connecicut river, in the county of Hampshire, from which business lately called me to your metropolis, and here detains me. Having had but few opportunities of travelling beyond the limits of my native county, my knowledge of the world and of human nature, is drawn chiefly from books. As the stage is generally considered as the epitome of the world, a mirror reflecting men and manners, and the players the brief abstract and chronicles of the times, I determined while business detained me in Boston to indulge my curiosity for knowledge and fondness for amusement by frequent visits at the

theatre. To this I was prompted still more strongly by recollecting that a celebrated English author, (Aaron Hill I think) had said, speaking of the stage, "*We are here humanized without suffering; we become acquainted with the manners of nations; acquire a fine polish without travelling; and without the trouble of study imbibe the most pleasing, the most useful lessons.*"

The first scenick representation I witnessed was the tragedy of *King Lear*, on the evening of the first of April. In reading the works of Shakespeare, I had always looked on this as one of the most sublime efforts of his muse, and therefore felt no common expectations at seeing it bronght before me on the stage. I will not say that my prepossessions were all realized; for though some of the characters, particularly *Lear* and *Edgar*, were superiour to any thing my fancy had ever suggested; yet otheſs appeared to have much less dignity on the stage than I had given them in the closet.

Mr. Fennell, in his "counterfeit presentment" of the old and feeble king, seemed to me to have attained the perfection of his art. No look or action escaped him, from which I could discover any resemblance to the gentleman who had been shown me in the street for Mr. Fennell.

Of *Lear's* three daughters, I think *Gonerill*, by Mrs. Shaw, was supported much the best, and supported very respectably, according to my ideas of the character. In truth, I was

out of humour with the audience for withholding their approbation. But, if my observations were correct, it is not so much the *merit* of the actors, as their *fine dresses*, which the audience applaud. Else why did they greet Mr. Caulfield with such enthusiastick shouts before he had spoken, and suffer some of the finest passages of the play, to which Mr. Fennell gave admirable expression, to pass unnoticed? I hope Mr. Caulfield will not think from this observation, that I am insensible to his *merit*, or suppose it to consist entirely in his costume. No; among the few actors I have seen, I think him one of the first; and his performace of *Edgar* was justly entitled to the praises of every person of feeling and taste.

Mr. Usher made a very good *Caius*. A number of *dukes* and *lords*, who make no inconsiderable figure in reading the play, had very inadequate representatives on the stage, whose names I do not now recollect. But I well remember that a Mr. Milbourne, who I am told makes no pretensions to the profession of an actor, spoke a few lines in the character of an *old man*, with remarkable propriety.

The next time I attended your theatre was to see the representation of *Julius Cesar*. Before the rising of the curtain, Mr. Caulfield came forward, and in a very handsome and gentlemanlike manner, begged permission to read the part of *Cassius*. This, I observed, cast a sudden gloom over the countenances of

several spectators; and for my own part, I could not conceive, how so important a personage as *Cassius* could be represented on the stage by one who could not speak what was set down for him. Mr. Caulfield urged his recent indisposition as a reason for not commiting it to memory; and in truth, he did it so neatly, so "trippingly from the tongue," that I believe most of the audience were reconciled to hear him read. A malicious wag, however, who sat on the seat before me, observed, rather ill-naturedly, to his companion, that "though Mr. Caulfield had told a very fine story it was all a *hum*; for he had been seen several times the week previous, in apparent health; was at a caucus the evening before; and, what was still more unpardonable in a man of his profession, he was observed among the choir at Trinity Church on Sunday morning, to the neglect of his professional duties."

Mr. Fennell, as *Brutus*, discovered much classical erudition in his readings of Shakespeare. I was particularly gratified with his speech to the plebians, "Romans, countrymen," &c. Mr. Usher was very correct in the part of *Mark Antony*. Perhaps he wanted a little more passion in the Funeral Oration over Cesar's body, "to stir men's blood;" but on comparing him with some of his brother performers, I give him my most hearty approbation.

It has been often said that the pronunciation of the stage is the standard of English pronunciation. But I find, Mr. Editor, the players have *no* standard; or if they have they do not mind it. Each one appears to aim at a different pronunciation from him who spoke next before him. Mr. Fennell gave the *o* in *Rome* its first or long open sound, as in *no*; while Mr. Usher laboured to give it what Walker calls the long slender sound, as heard in *prove, room;* others, probably to shew that they were not guided by either of the gentlemen last mentioned, gave it a sound approaching very nearly to *u* short, so that I at first thought they were talking, not about *Rome*, the mistress of the world, but a certain West-India liquor called *rum*. But "*something too much of this.*"

It is difficult for me to conceive, Mr. Editor, how some nine or ten people, (all but *two* of whom were mutes,) standing in a semi-circle to hear Antony's oration, could have "ought the least similitude" to a Roman rabble. Is not this an epitome epitomised?

I was extremely pleased with Mrs. Poe in *Priscilla Tomboy*. Many of her wanton tricks to teaze her gawkish cousin *Watty* were truly laughable, and perhaps not the less so for being pretty correct representations of the manners of some of our country hoydens.

The representation of the *The Stranger* on Wednesday evening April 8, was but thinly

attended. The play lagged heavily. Mr. Dickenson created some merriment in the whimsical old *Solomon*, as did Mr. Barnes in *My Son Peter*. Mrs. Haller had a lovely representative in Mrs. Powell. The moral of the play is such as to afford me but little gratification; and perhaps may be the reason why the performance generally was to me displeasing.

If you think proper, sir, to lay these observations before the publick in the Polyanthos, you may perhaps hear from me again before I leave town.

Yours, &c.

OLIVER OAKLY.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

A NEW Play called *The Curfew*, written by the late JOHN TOBIN, Esq. author of the *Honey Moon*, is in rehearsal, and is to be brought forward at the benefit of Mr. Usher. The scene of the play is laid in England, and the time of its action supposed to be—

"When first the *Curfew*, knell of England's woe,
Proclaimed the triumphs of the Norman bow,
And haughty William, with unhallowed claim
And ruthless sword usurp'd a monarch's name."

The story is interesting, the language chaste and energetick, and the sentiments highly moral. The principal characters are a *Norman Baron*, *Matilda*, his wife, *Robert* and *Florence*,

their children; *Bertrand*, a vassal to the Baron; *Walter* the toller of he Curfew, and *Fitzharding*, leader of a Banditti. It is, like the *Honey Moon*, written partly in blank verse, and partly in prose, and like that favourite comedy, evinces that its author was well-studied in the school of Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher. The characters are none of them original, but strongly drawn, and perhaps are not the less pleasing for being old acquaintances in new situations. The following conversation of *Bertrand* and *Florence* forcibly reminds us of *Rosalind* and *Celia* in *As you like it*—

Bert. At sunset, then, you'll meet me at the abbey.
And lest your person should create suspicion,
Suppose you come apparelled as a boy;
And wear, like many a gallant, capering knight,
Whose smooth complexion scarce would hazard twice
The keen encounter of the northern wind,
The front of Hector with a woman's heart?
Flor. Is it so easy then to play the hero?
Bert. 'Tis but to strut, and swell, and knit your brow,
Tell twenty lies in a breath, and round them off
With twice as many oaths, to wear a sword
Longer than other men's, and clap your hand
Upon the hilt when the wind stirs, to shew
How quick the sense of honour beats within you.
How many valiant cowards in brave armour,
Have bluster'd unsuspected to their graves—
Nay, afterwards frown'd terrible in marble,
Who at the trumpet's charge had stood aghast

And ſhrunk like tortoises into their shells
To die with apprehension!

The *Baron* refuses his consent to the marriage of *Bertrand* and *Florence*, on account of *Bertrand's* low birth, to which he replies—

'Tis now too late
To summon back the dust of my progenitors,
And stamp it with nobility—What then?
Am I to hang my head? creep into corners
Because my father was a hind? I know not
Why I was prest into this bustling world;
But here I am, and let my deeds proclaim me,
Our actions are our heralds, and they fix
Beyond the date of tombs and epitaphs,
Renown or infamy.

Every one will acknowledge the beauty of the following sentiment—

The low peasant's latch,
Should be held sacred as the triple bolt
That guards a palace—ay, more sacred,
For high raised mightiness is its own shield.
But who, if lordly power be first to invade,
Shall bar the poor man's dwelling from oppression?

We are occasionally amused with the humour of the *Robbers*, whose language is much in the style of Shakespeare's rogues—

Armstrong. What is this same Curfew that has made such a noise lately?

Conrad. What is it? Why it is a new mode with your great statesmen of keeping the people in the dark. After this same bell has tolled, 'tis a misdemeanour for a horse-shoe to strike a spark from a flint, and high treason for a glow-worm to carry fire in his tail.

Armst. A truce with thy jests.

Conrad. Why then, in sober sadness, this Curfew custom is a clever invention of this Norman prince of darkness, to set honest men a snoring, and give rogues an earlier opportunity of cutting their throats; and which, by shortening their days, will most probably lengthen ours.

On the whole, we think, from a hasty perusal of the Play, it is such as will please the taste of the town, and sincerely hope it may bring a bumper house to reward the industry of Mr. Usher. We understand the epilogue is to be spoken by Mrs. Stanley.

Mr. Turnbull has just published a new melodrame, in three acts, called *Rudolph, or the Robbers of Calabria*; which, with his pantomime of *The Maid of Hungary*, is to be brought out at his benefit.

Mr. Dykes has also in preparation a new pantomime, called *The Battle of Maringo.*

The New-York theatre closed on the 17th April. The benefits, we hear, were but poorly attended.—Mr. Cooper has gone to Charleston, S. C. to perform the remainder of the season.

Among the new plays produced last winter at the London theatres are the following—

The Vindictive Man, a comedy, by T. Holcroft.

Tekeli, a Melo-Drame in three acts, by Mr. Hook.

False Alarms, or My Cousin, an opera in thr acts—played with great success.

The Deserts of Arabia, a musical afterpiece

Arbitration, or Free and Easy, a farce.

Harlequin and Mother Goose, a pantomime.

The Enchanters, or Harlequin Sultan, a pant mime.

Adrian and Orilla, or a Mother's Vengeance, tragedy.

The Curfew, a play, by the late John T bin, Esq.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

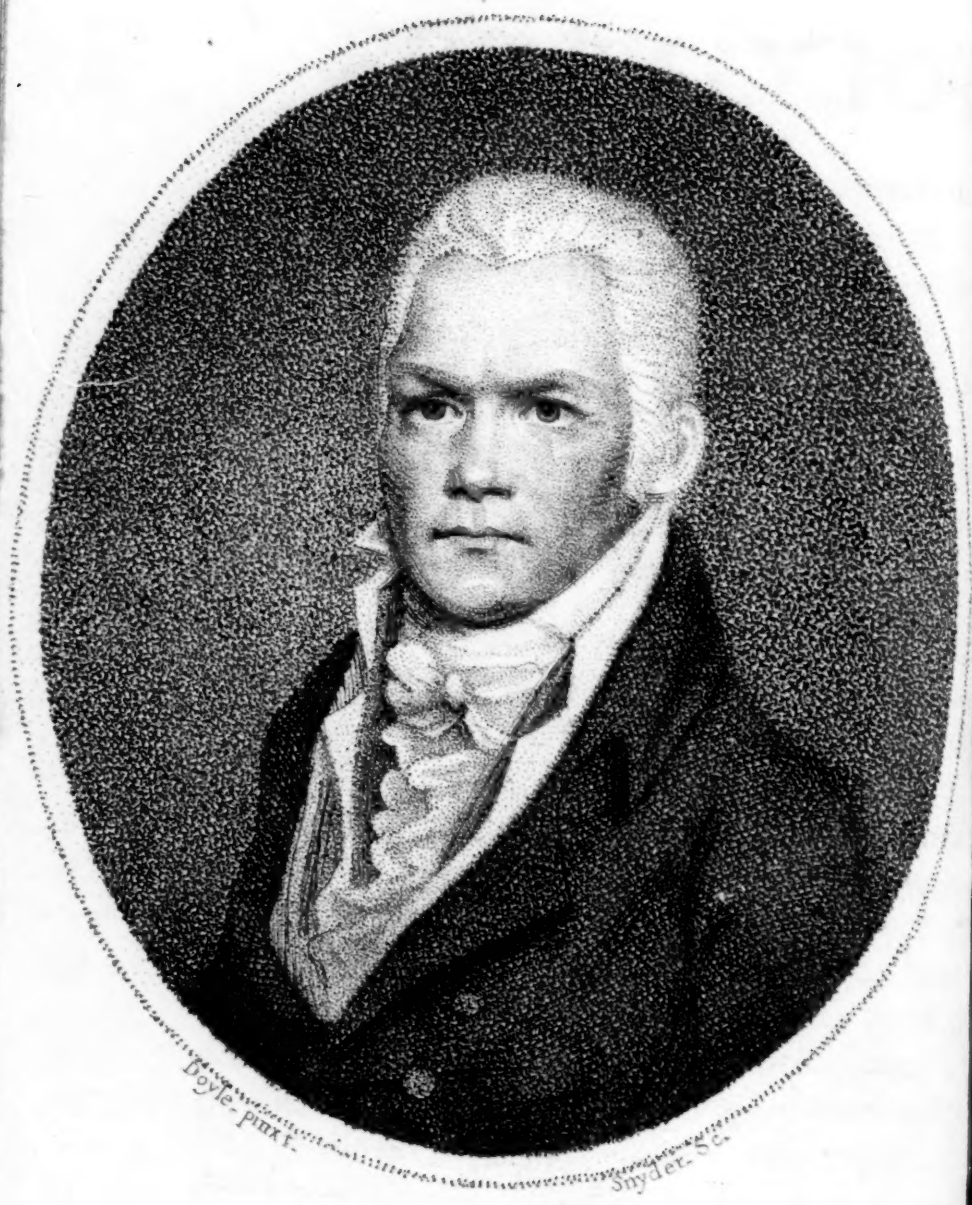
*** *A portrait and memoir of General* WILLIA EATON, *will be given next month.*

THE *late hour at which* "Contemplator's" *fa vour was received, and the length of his extracts, pre vented its insertion this month.*

'Trash, No. 4,'—'An old Fable new vampt —'Collina to Psyche,'—*and several other origina pieces are on file for publication.*

'Dibdin's Tour' *is unavoidably omitted.*

☞ *An Index to the Fourth Volume, omitted last month through mistake, accompanies this number.*



GENERAL EATON.